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Alice



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Chapter 1 by stayawesomerrr

As I slide into my protective jacket, I look out the window to the world that our forefathers gave us. Desolate and burnt. Broken and hopeless.

I slide the gas mask into place and screw on a new filter before opening the door, the cold sun reflecting off of my white gear. Double checking my bag for filters, I move out with confidence in a new day. Perhaps I'll find food, or some pain meds, or maybe even a cigarette if I'm really lucky.

The walk to the broken convenience store was rather boring. No looters, no mutants, and not as cold as yesterday. It really does feel like my luck is looking up.

Looking through the shelves for anything not rotted or broken proves to be semi-successful, as a can of spam is still in pretty good shape, and in the medical department I some old hallucinogenic. I might enjoy that later. Putting them in my bag reminds me it's about time or a filter change. Hell, may as well find a bathroom while I'm at it.

Finding a restroom in the back of the store, I manage a quick swap of filters before the need to drain myself is overwhelming. As usual, nothing truly remarkable about this place, but the

mirror actually has enough to it that I can somewhat see myself in it.

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I wont lie, I look a touch ridiculous. Stained white protective clothes and mask. Tubes that used to run to an oxygen tank s... rabbit ears. And to top it all off, I was carrying a purse I found in a shopping mall back before I came to explore Oregon

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With a slight chuckle, I move on. Nothing like an apocalypse to keep you motivated and ready for a stroll. Hours pass as I move on, not really headed in any real direction I know of. I guess to myself it might be north.+

At nightfall, I pull the short straw, as the only shelter is inside of half an old house. No radiation or chemicals from the looks of my meters, but I decide to play it safe and keep the mask on. After a few short minutes of my stomach reminding me of spam, I decide to give in.

As I reach for my bag, I hear a floorboard above me creak. Telling myself it's just the house crumbling, I peel back the lid of the can and reach for my mask.

The movement of footsteps quickly descending stairs puts me on my feet in an instant. Reaching for the knife on my belt I prepare to fight for my meal. I shake with fear as the creature rounds the corner. The only thing more shocking was when it spoke from the shadows of the staircase.+

"Food?" the voice whispered, sounding as scared as I felt.

I relax a bit and get an idea into my head. Sticking the knife into the wooden floorboards, I hold the can out in front of me.

"Come on out, we can share if you would like." I call softly into the darkness. "I won't hurt you."

From the stairs emerged a frail little thing. Obviously a mutant, with the rotting skin and extra fingers, but looked more human than most others did.

"Here take it." She grabbed the processed meat greedily. "Do you have a name?"

My stomach rumbled in anticipation but I force it to calm down and be patient.

"Name Alice. Live here long. Very hungry." She says in between bites, obviously not well versed in language, but still enough.

"What you? Look funny. Big ears... Bunny rabbit?" She inquired, taking in my garb. Poor little

creature may not have even seen another living person before. My stomach nearly screams at me. I'm so hungry.

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I reach into my bag, grab the can, and open it. The mutant girl keeps rambling on about food as I did in my bag, looking expectant. I simply continue to nod my head.

"Follow me for more food Alice" I say as I waltz to the kitchen "Follow the white rabbit!" I call out behind me.

As soon as she rounds the corner, the movement was fast and the creature was out cold instantly.

"I'm very sorry my dear. Enjoy your trip through wonderland, Alice."
My stomach screams at me. I'm so hungry...

The End

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